

He shall not heare thee, or from *Caesars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir he is with *Caesar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certaine.

Ant. Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Decaine no lot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

Flourish. Enter *Agrippa*, *Caesar*, with *Enobarbus*,
and *Dollabella*.

Caes. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:
Make it so knowne.

Agrip. *Caesar*, I shall.

Caesar. The time of vniuersall peace is neere:
Proue this a prosperous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Anthony* is come into the Field.

Caes. Go charge *Agrippa*,

Plant those that haue revolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury
Vpon himselfe. *Exeunt*

Enob. *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did dissuade
Great *Herod* to incline him selfe to *Caesar*,
And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,
Caesar hath hang'd him: *Camidius* and the rest
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable trust; I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so forely,
That I will ioy no mote.

Enter a Soldier of *Caesars*.

Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*

Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I giue it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,

I tell you true: Best you saft the bringer
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
Or would haue done it my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Loue. *Exit*

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed
My better seruice, when my tergitude
Thoudost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doot. I feele
I fight against thee: No I will go seeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foult'st best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit*

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter *Agrippa*.

Agrip. Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:
Caesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit*

Alarums.

Enter *Anthony*, and *Scarrus* wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home
With clowts about their heads. *Far off.*

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retyre.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roomes for six scotches more. *Exit*

Enter *Eros*.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
For a faire victory.

Scar. Let vs score their backs,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. He halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter *Anthony* againe in a March,
Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Nor as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors*,
Enter the City, chide your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'st they with ioyfull teares
Wash the congelement from your wounds, and kisse
The Honour'd gashes whole.

Enter *Cleopatra*.

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faery, I commend thy acts,
Make her thanke's bieffe thee. Oh thou day o'th' world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attire and all
Through proofe of Harneffe to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,

Oh infinite Vertue, comen't thou smiling from
The worlds great snare vncought.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,

We haue beate them to their Beds,

What Gyrie, though gray

Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet haue
A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gale for gale of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lipps thy fauouring hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. He giue thee Friend

An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled

Like holy *Phœbus* Carre. Giue me thy hand,

Through *Alexandria* make a iolly March,

Beare our backe Targets, like the men that owe them.

Had our great Pallace the capacity

To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,

And drinke Carowles to the next dayes Fate

Which

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Which promises Royall perill, Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt*

Enter a Centurie, and his Company, *Enobarbus* followes.

Cent. If we be not releu'd within this houre,
We must returne to th' Court of Guard: the night
Is shyny, and they say, we shall embattaile
By th' second houre i'th' Morne.

Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

Enob. Oh beare me witnesse night.

2. What man is this?

1. Stand close, and list him.

Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When men reuolted shall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus*?

2. Peace: Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poisonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebelle to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:

Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

1. Let's speake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes

May concerne *Caesar*.

2. Let's do so, but he sleepe.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for sleepe.

1. Go we to him.

2. Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

1. Heare you sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
Let vs beare him to th' Court of Guard: he is of note:

Our houre is fully out.

2. Come on then, he may recouer yet. *Exeunt*

Enter *Anthony* and *Scarrus*, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' Fire, or i'th' Ayre,
Wee'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the City
Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may best discouer,
And looke on their endeuour. *Exeunt*

Enter *Caesar*, and his Army.

Caes. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best ad

Ant. Yet they ar

Where yon'd Pine d
He bring thee word
Scar. Swallowes

In *Cleopatra's* Sailes
Say, they know not,
And dare not speake
Is valiant, and deic
His fretted Fortunes
Of what he has, and

Ant. All is lost

This fowle Egyptian
My Fleete hath yeeld
They cast their Caps
Like Friends long lo
Hast sold me to this
Makes onely Warre
For when I am reuen
I haue done all. Bid
Oh Sunne, thy vprise
Fortune, and *Antho*
Do we shake hands?
That pannelled me a
Their wishes, do dif
On blossoming *Caes*
That ouer-top'd ther
Oh this false Soule o
Whose eye beek'd fe
Whose Bosome was
Like a right Gypsie,
Beguill'd me, to the v
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Ah, thou Spell! Auz

Cleo. Why is my

Ant. Vanish, or

And blemish *Caesars* T

And hoist thee vp to

Follow his Chariot,

Of all thy Sex. Most

For poor'st Diminitio

Patient *Ottavia*, plou

With her prepared n

'Tis well th'art gone

If it be well to liue.

Thou sell'st into my f

Might haue prevented

The shirt of *Nessus* is

Alcides, thou mine A

Let me lodge *Licau*

And with those hand

Subdue my worthies

To the young Roma

Vnder this plot: Sho

Enter *Cleopat*

Cleo. Helpe me

Then *Telamon* for hi

Was neuer so imbo

Char. To'th' Mor

And send him word